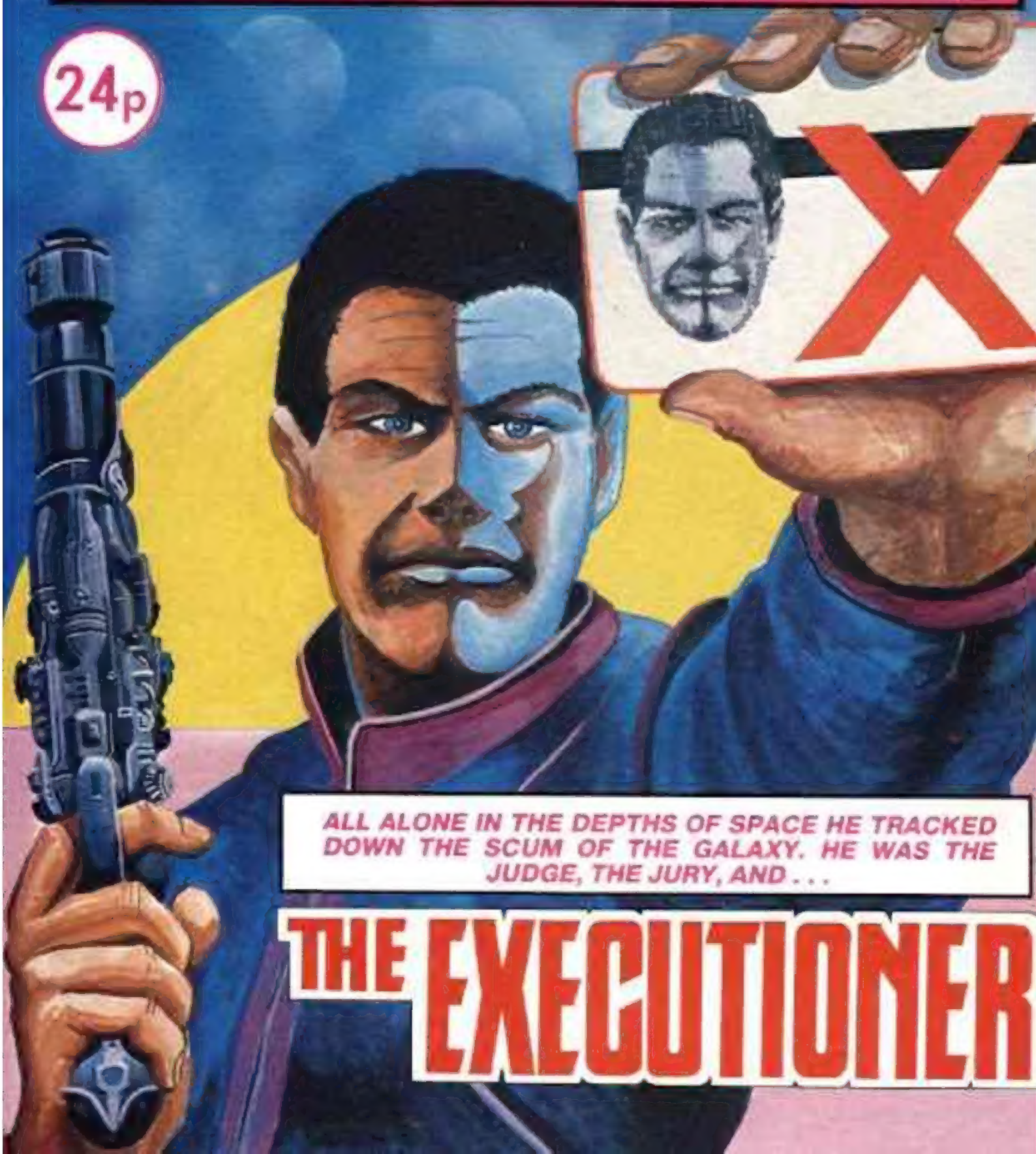


STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 165

24p



ALL ALONE IN THE DEPTHS OF SPACE HE TRACKED
DOWN THE SCUM OF THE GALAXY. HE WAS THE
JUDGE, THE JURY, AND ...

THE EXECUTIONER

STARBLAZER

ON JANUARY 1ST, 2000, THE SECURITY COUNCIL OF THE UNITED NATIONS DECLARED THAT THERE WAS NO OTHER FORM OF LIFE WITHIN THE SOLAR SYSTEM. SO BEGAN THE MAD RACE FOR PROSPECTING RIGHTS. MANY FORTUNES WERE MADE . . . AND LOST IN THE GREAT TREK OF 2049. MANY MOONS, IO AND GANYMEDE OF JUPITER, ALL THE WAY TO NEPTUNE'S TRITON WERE OPENED UP TO THE RESTLESS PROSPECTOR. LAW WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO MAINTAIN UNDER NORMAL CONDITIONS . . . SO A NEW TYPE OF LAWMAN HAD TO BE CREATED. THEY WERE TOUGH, RESOURCEFUL, HONEST AND ALL, ALL ALONE. THEY WERE THE LAW, AND EVERYBODY FEARED . . .

THE EXECUTIONER



MAY 1ST 2054, THREE MONTHS AFTER LEAVING EARTH, AND ONE DAY, ONE HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES LATE, THE INTER-MOON 125 SHUTTLE LURCHED ONTO THE PAD AT TITAN CENTRAL, LARGEST OF SATURN'S MOONS.

TIRED PASSENGERS MILLED ABOUT EXERCISING WEARY LIMBS,
WHILE OTHERS TRIED TO FIND THE EXIT.

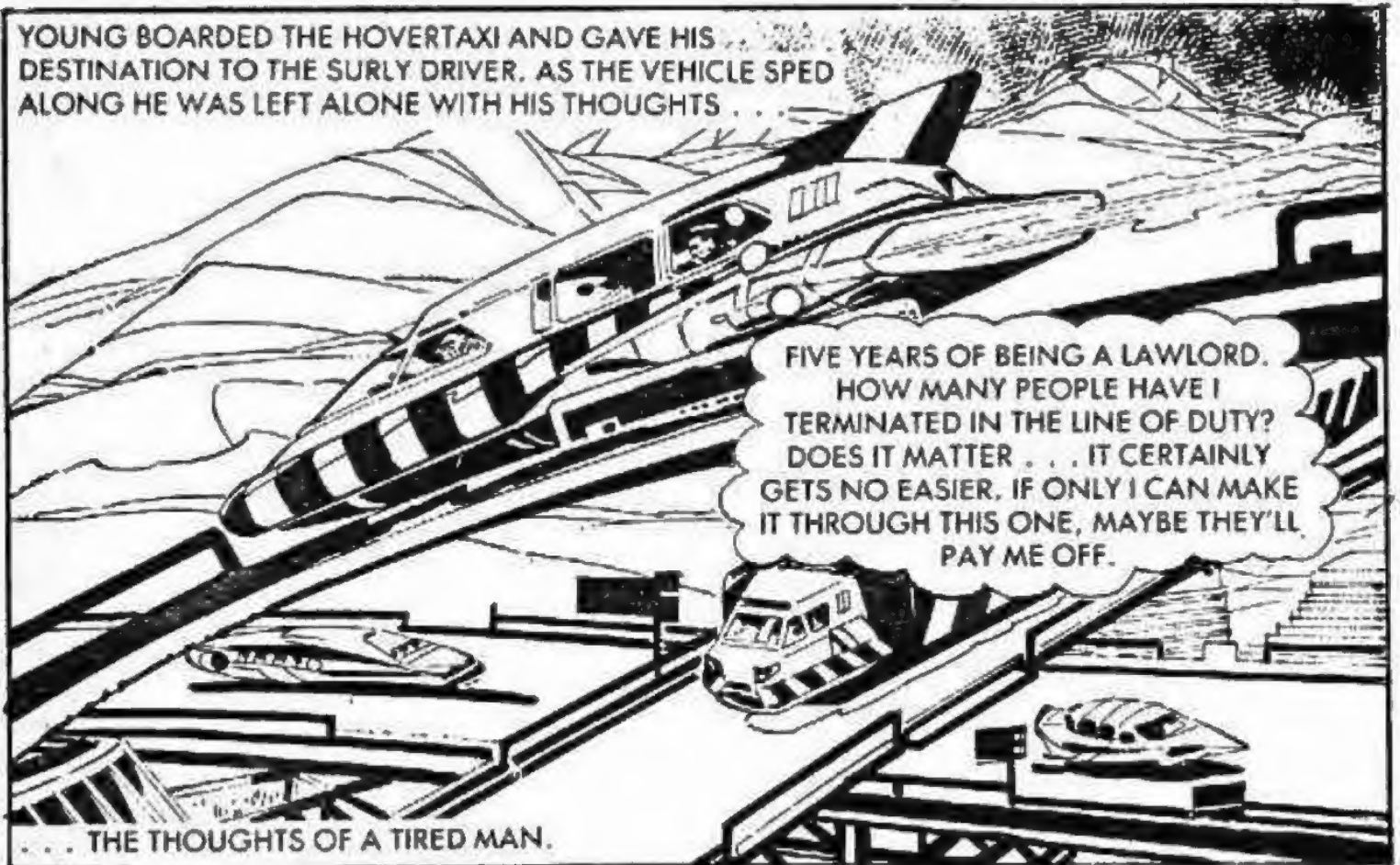


JOSTLED AND PUSHED, PASSENGER JOHN YOUNG
FOUND HIMSELF AT THE EXIT. HE FELT RELIEF AS THE
ENCLOSING CLAUSTROPHOBIA OF THE TERMINAL
CROWDS EASED—

TAXI!!



YOUNG BOARDED THE HOVERTAXI AND GAVE HIS DESTINATION TO THE SURLY DRIVER. AS THE VEHICLE SPED ALONG HE WAS LEFT ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS . . .



... THE THOUGHTS OF A TIRED MAN.

EVENTUALLY THE HOVERTAXI STOPPED IN A BROKEN-DOWN SUBURB.



HERE GOES!
GOT TO START
SOMEWHERE!



A SLIGHT GROUND TURBULENCE DISLODGED A DISCARDED CAN, WHICH CLANGED LOUDLY.

WHO . . . WHAT?

CLANG!



JARK! SCARED OF A TINI MY NERVES ARE SHOT . . . I'M WASHED UP!



HE FELT THE BLOOD RUSHING IN HIS EARS AND THE SWEAT IN THE SMALL OF HIS BACK AS HE WALKED TOWARDS THE LIGHTS. IN THE NEARBY DARKNESS AN ANIMAL SNIFFED. IT SMELLED THE SCENT OF FEAR . . . HIS FEAR.

MUST GET SOMEWHERE TO STAY!



HOTELS WERE PLENTIFUL AND ONCE THERE, YOUNG'S FEAR BEGAN TO SUBSIDE—

YOU'RE LOGGED, MR . . . YOUNG. A THOUSAND CRED, IN ADVANCE!

I'VE NO READYCREDS! I'LL TRANSFER THE WHOLE AMOUNG TOMORROW!

OH, YEA! DO YOU THINK I WAS BORN YESTERDAY . . . NO CRED, NO ROOM — UNDERSTAND?

I . . . I . . . HAVE A CREDIT AUTHORISATION . . .

HERE IT IS . . .

BUT IN TRYING TO PRODUCE HIS CREDIT AUTHORISATION HE DISLODGED HIS BLASTER.



LAWLORD JOHN YOUNG WAITED SILENTLY WHILE THE LOCAL PATROLMAN RELUCTANTLY ANSWERED THE CALL. BY THE TIME PATROLMAN JERD O'MURPHY ARRIVED HE WAS IN A BAD, BAD MOOD. NOBODY LIKES BEING DISTURBED ON A COLD NIGHT, ESPECIALLY FOR AN OFFWORLDER.

WELL . . . WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

THE OFFWORLDER BOZO HAS A BLASTER!





O'MURPHY SAVAGELY STABBED HIS
ELECTROSTIK INTO YOUNG'S STOMACH.



A LAWLORD — A LEGALISED EXECUTIONER.

BLASTER!

WHO YOU LOOKING FOR?

WHO YOU
LOOKING FOR?



BY THE TIME THE INTERESTED ONLOOKER HAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE BACKSTREETS OF TITAN CENTRAL, LAWLORD JOHN YOUNG WAS SAFE IN HIS ROOM. SAFE!! FEAR OOZED FROM EVERY PORE AS HE STRUGGLED TO CONTROL HIS STRAINED NERVES—



HADES! THIS JOB IS GOING TO BE MY LAST — ONE WAY OR THE OTHER. I HAVE TO PACK THIS UP.

BUT EVEN YOUNG'S FRAYED NERVES SETTLED SLIGHTLY WHEN THE ALARM SOUNDED ON THE TIMELOCK OF HIS SEALED ORDERS. YEARS OF TRAINING TOOK OVER AS HE PREPARED TO RECEIVE THE DETAILS OF HIS TASK.

HERE I AM, MEANT TO BE IN SECRET, WAITING TO FIND OUT WHO I HAVE TO TERMINATE, WHILE HALF THE PLANET ALREADY KNOWS WHO I AM, AND WHERE I AM!







THE DOOR SLOWLY SWUNG OPEN—



SOME SIXTH SENSE, PANIC, FEAR OR
SELF-PRESERVATION TOLD YOUNG
THAT HE WAS IN DANGER . . .



SCARED THOUGH HE WAS,
HIS REACTIONS WERE QUICK



AAARGH!







MAY 2ND, 2054. JOHN YOUNG DIDN'T SLEEP. THINKING KEPT HIM AWAKE, SO IT WAS EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING WHEN HE ARRIVED AT PATROLMAN O'MURPHY'S OFFICE —





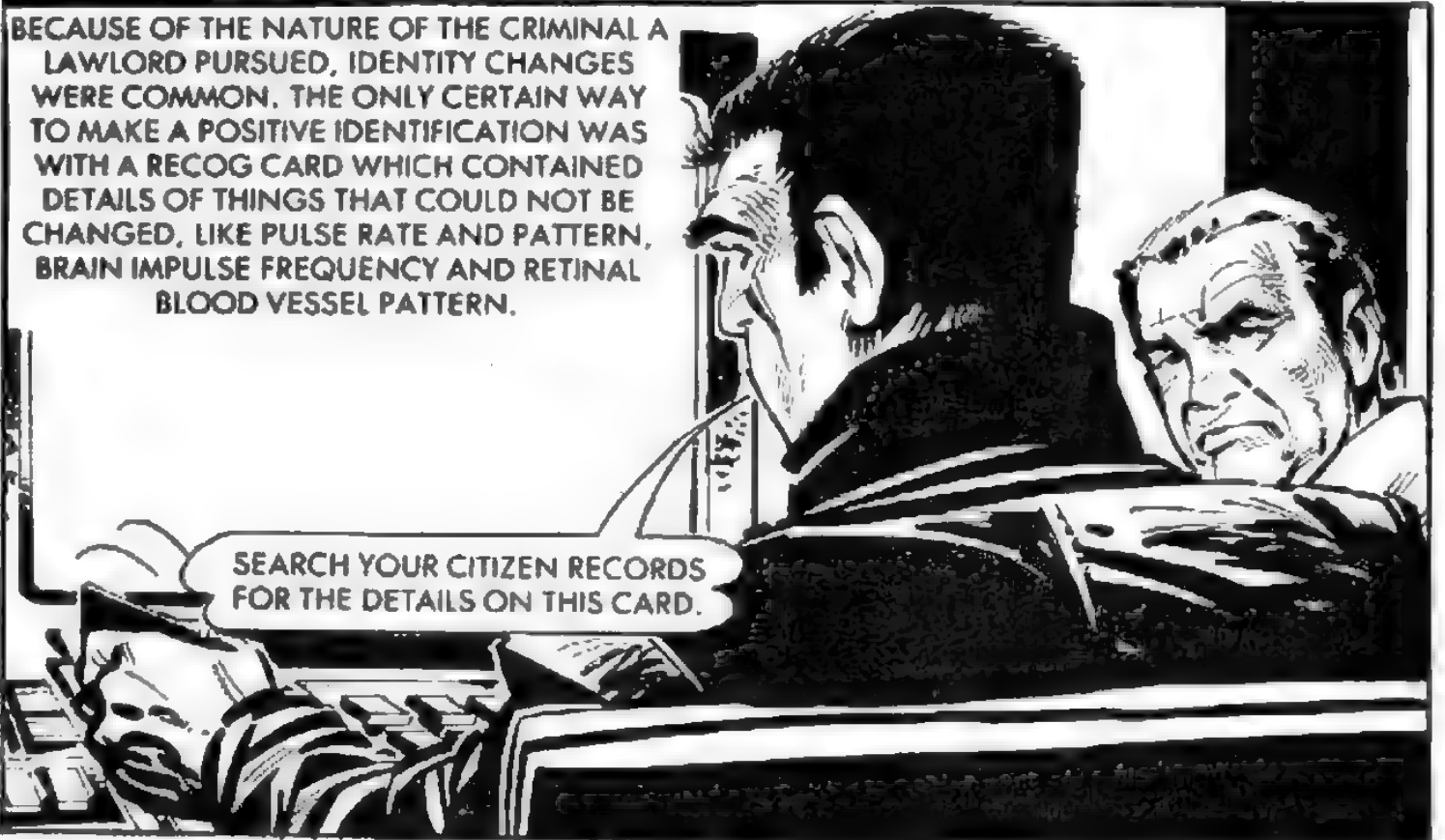


RIGHT, MR PATROLMAN, LET'S GET ONE THING STRAIGHT. IT WAS YOU WHO BLEW MY COVER, YOU WHO CAUSED THE ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE — MY JOB IS BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT DEAD-BEATS LIKE YOU MAKING IT WORSE. NOW GET WORKING ON THAT MACHINE — I WANT ALL THE DETAILS YOU HAVE ON ALISK TENBY . . . I'VE GOT HIS RECOG CARD.



BECAUSE OF THE NATURE OF THE CRIMINAL A LAWLORD PURSUED, IDENTITY CHANGES WERE COMMON. THE ONLY CERTAIN WAY TO MAKE A POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION WAS WITH A RECOG CARD WHICH CONTAINED DETAILS OF THINGS THAT COULD NOT BE CHANGED, LIKE PULSE RATE AND PATTERN, BRAIN IMPULSE FREQUENCY AND RETINAL BLOOD VESSEL PATTERN.

SEARCH YOUR CITIZEN RECORDS FOR THE DETAILS ON THIS CARD.



THAT ONE — DELANEY! GIVE ME HIS PROFILE!

DELANEY, MARK
FRASER, GARRY
GRAHAM, WILLIAM
LINDSAY, MARTIN
MARQUENZIE, DIEGO

MMMM! ENOUGH MATCHES!
THAT LOOKS LIKE MY MAN!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR
ASSISTANCE, MR O'MURPHY.



AS YOUNG LEFT —

GIVE ME 1077 TITAN
HEIGHTS . . . QUICKLY!

YOUNG TOOK A HOVTAXI TO THE LAST
KNOWN ADDRESS OF ALISK TENBY — 1077
TITAN HEIGHTS.

VERY NICE, MR TENBY.
ALL BOUGHT WITH BLOOD.

NOT EXPECTING TENBY TO BE THERE, YOUNG, NEVERTHELESS, PREPARED HIMSELF.

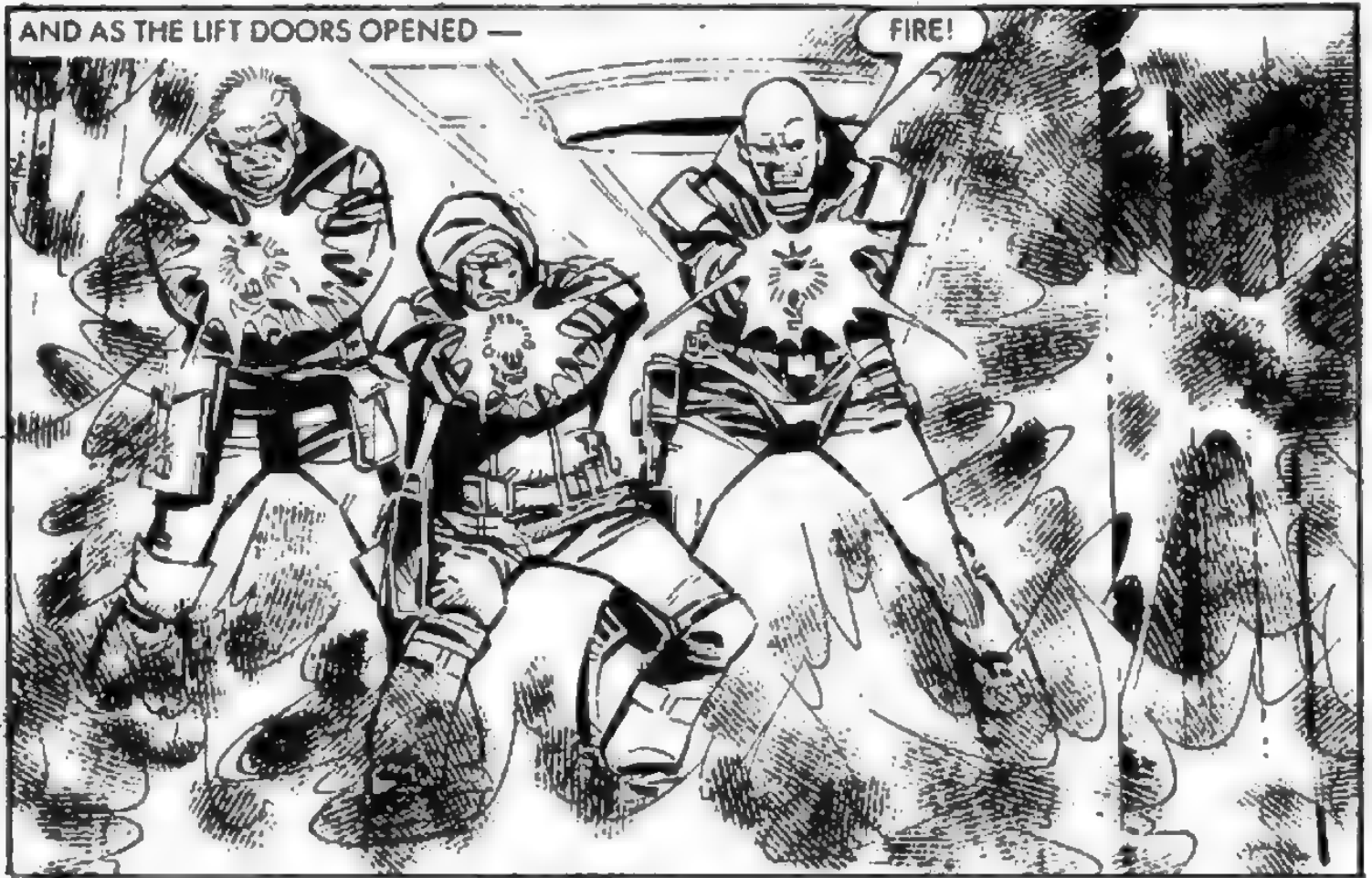
1075. I THINK!

THE LIFT REACHED TENBY'S FLOOR —

1077

AND AS THE LIFT DOORS OPENED —

FIRE!







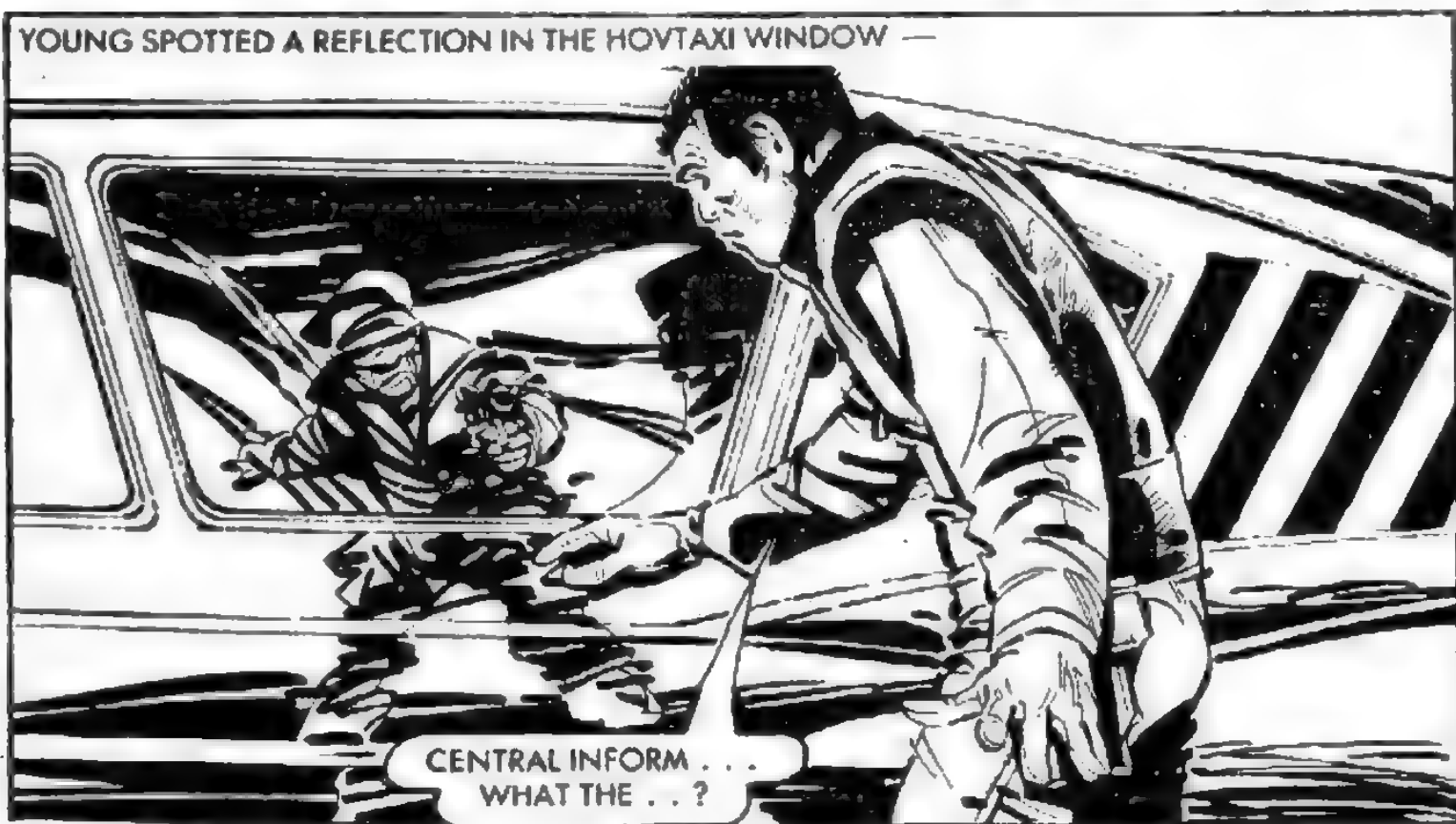
YOUNG TOOK THE ID CARDS FROM THE BODIES



YOUNG DESCENDED TO THE PLAZA —



YOUNG SPOTTED A REFLECTION IN THE HOVTAXI WINDOW —



YOUNG'S EVER ALERT SIXTH SENSE, HEIGHTENED BY FEAR, CAUSED HIM TO REACT TO THE THREAT OF DEATH AS A SHOT RANG OUT.



THE ASSASSIN FIRED BLINDLY —



— AND STRUCK AN INNOCENT PASSER-BY.

SECONDS LATER, THE ASSASSIN WAS GONE.
YOUNG LOOKED HELPLESSLY AT THE INERT BODY
OF THE LITTLE GIRL.

OH, NO! WHY? OH,
WHY LITTLE JEMMA!

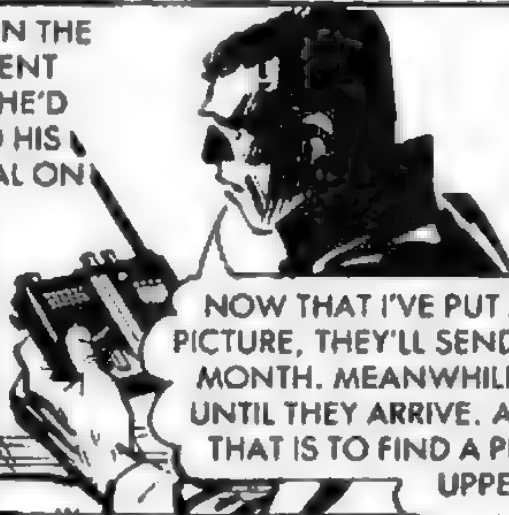
RIGHT, MR TENBY AND FRIENDS — YOU
ARE ALL GOING STRAIGHT TO HELL. I
MAY BE WASHED UP, BUT I'M GOING TO
KILL YOU ALL.

IT WAS YOU WHO CAUSED THIS! YOU
SCUM! KILLER! WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?



I AM DEATH . . . THE
INSTRUMENT OF REVENGE!

ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE HOTEL IN THE HOVTAXI YOUNG WENT OVER RECENT EVENTS STEP BY STEP, AND ONCE HE'D MADE DEDUCTIONS, TRANSMITTED HIS REPORTS BACK TO JUSTICE CENTRAL ON EARTH —



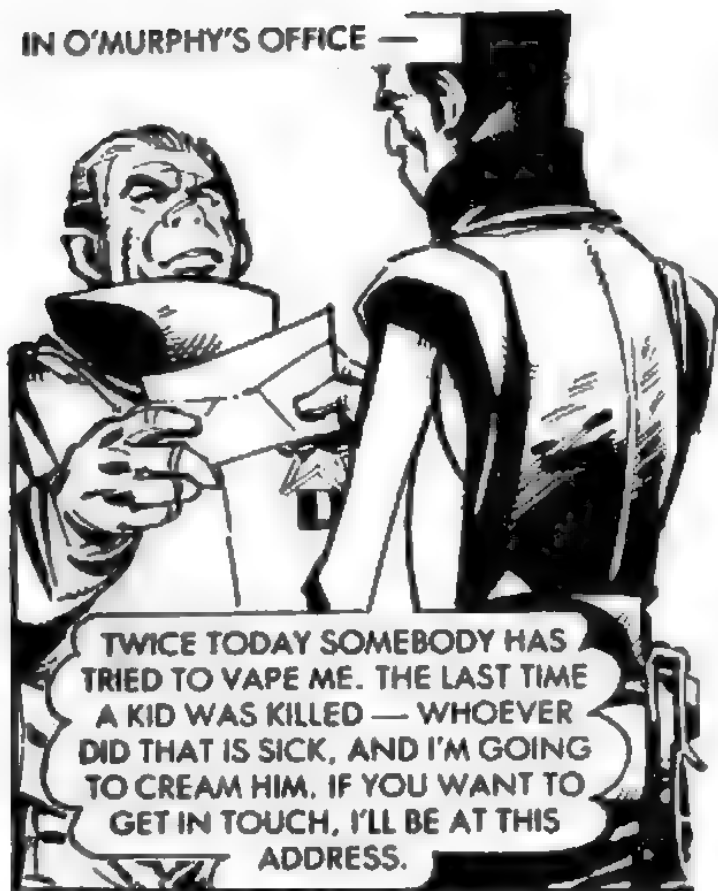
NOW THAT I'VE PUT JUSTICE CENTRAL IN THE PICTURE, THEY'LL SEND BACK-UP. THAT'LL TAKE A MONTH. MEANWHILE I'VE GOT TO KEEP ALIVE UNTIL THEY ARRIVE. AND THE BEST WAY TO DO THAT IS TO FIND A PLACE WHERE I HOLD THE UPPER HAND.

USING THE HOTEL'S REGISTER OF PROPERTY, YOUNG PICKED AN ISOLATED FARM FOR HIS "CASTLE" —



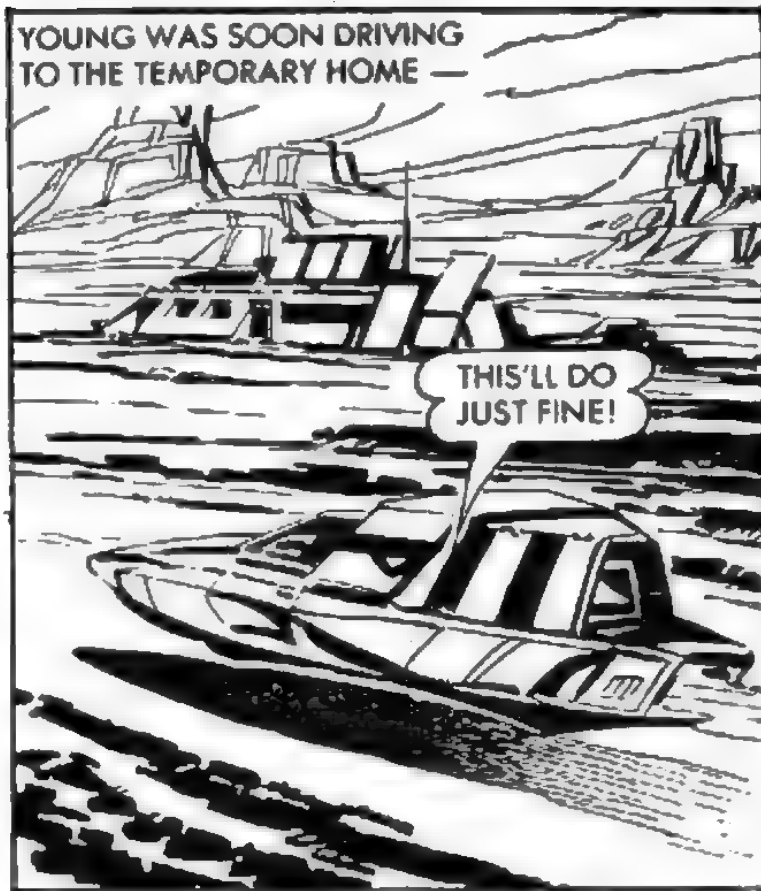
I'LL GO AND SEE O'MURPHY BEFORE
MOVING IN TO MY "CASTLE".

IN O'MURPHY'S OFFICE —



TWICE TODAY SOMEBODY HAS TRIED TO VAPE ME. THE LAST TIME A KID WAS KILLED — WHOEVER DID THAT IS SICK, AND I'M GOING TO CREAM HIM. IF YOU WANT TO GET IN TOUCH, I'LL BE AT THIS ADDRESS.

YOUNG WAS SOON DRIVING TO THE TEMPORARY HOME —



THIS'LL DO JUST FINE!

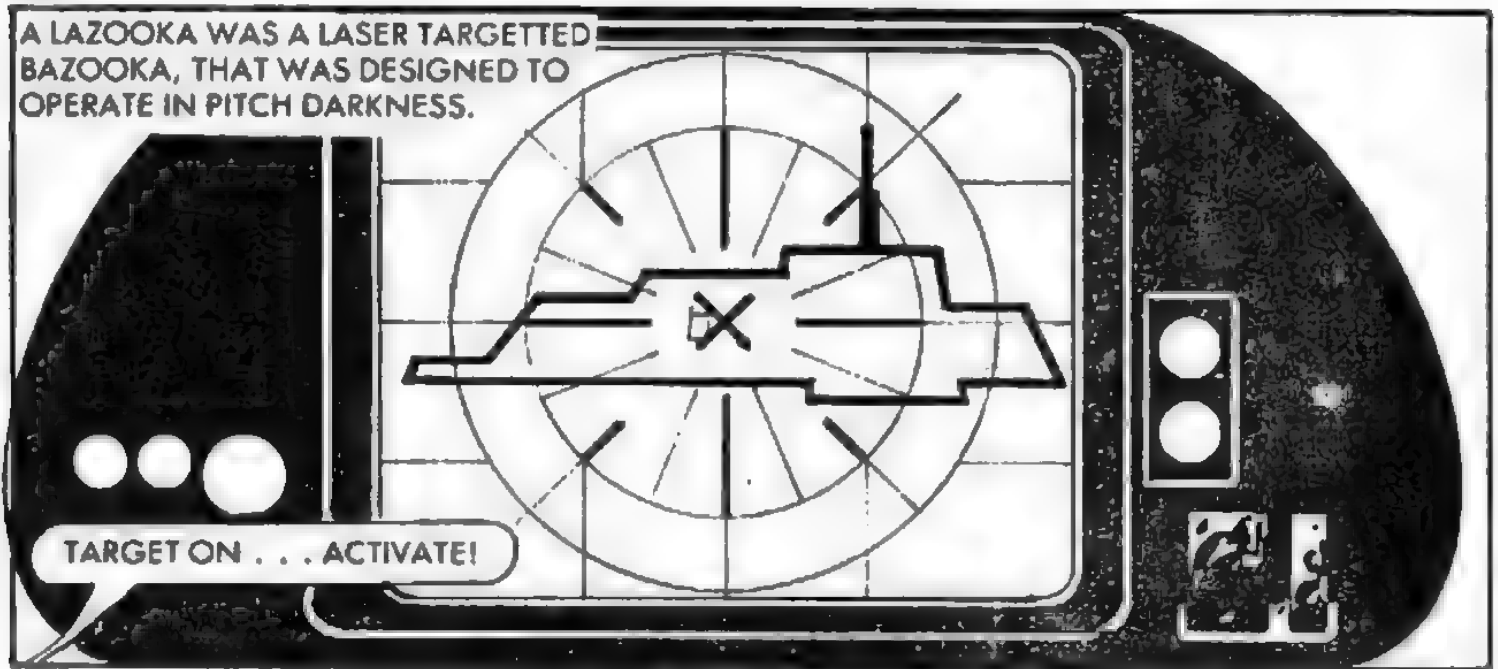
NIGHT FELL AND WITH THE DARKNESS CAME VISITORS.



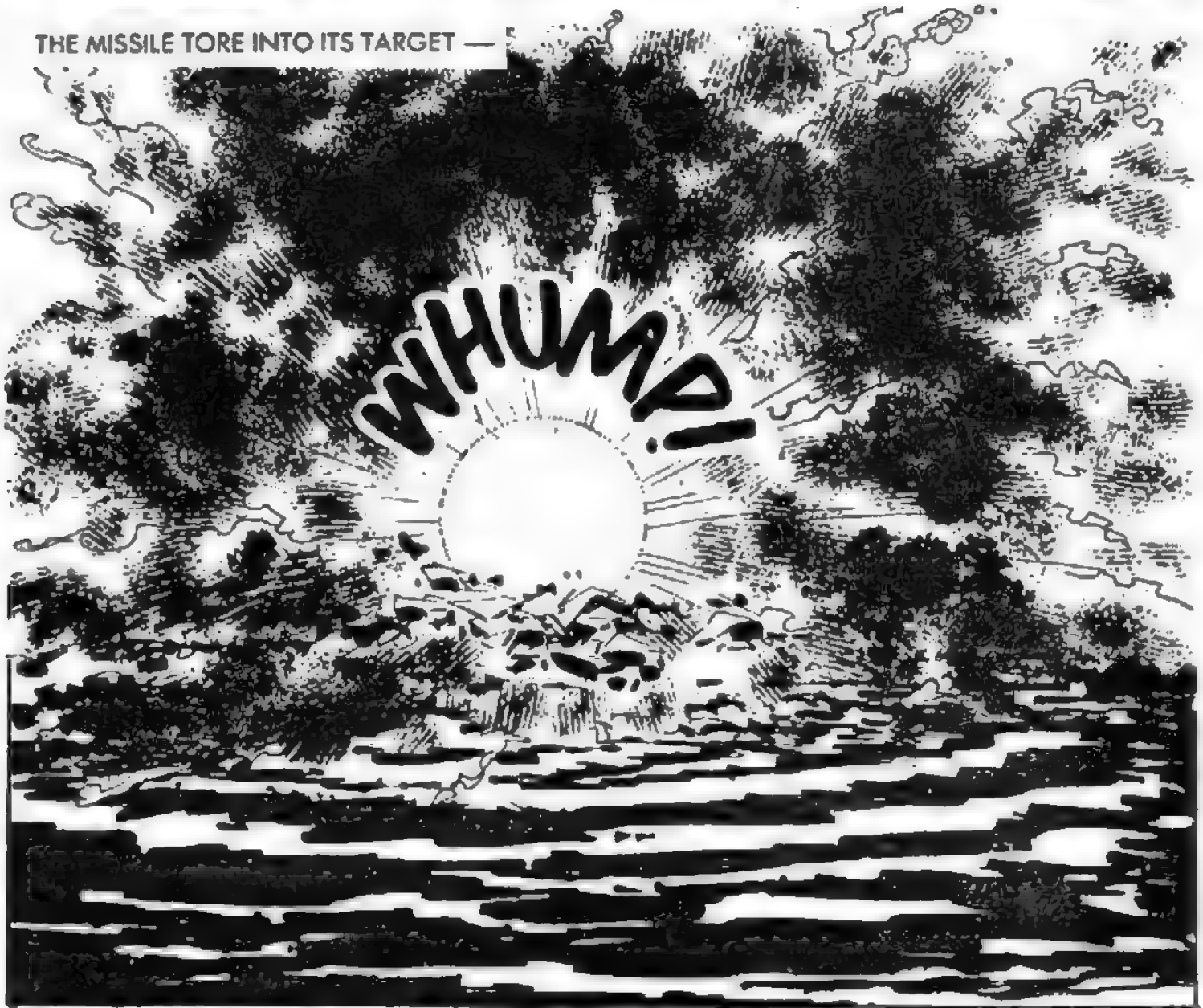
WE'LL FIRE FROM HERE! ANY CLOSER AND HE'LL SPOT US.

OKE! I'VE SET UP THIS LAZOOKA WITH AN INCENDIARY!

A LAZOOKA WAS A LASER TARGETTED
BAZOOKA, THAT WAS DESIGNED TO
OPERATE IN PITCH DARKNESS.



THE MISSILE TORE INTO ITS TARGET —



HE COULDN'T HAVE
SURVIVED THAT!



BUT YOUNG WAS NOT DEAD. IN FACT HE WASN'T EVEN
IN THE BUILDING



PROBABLY NOT! THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T
HIDE THERE!





YOU CAN'T DO THIS . . . IT'S
. . . IT'S BARBARIC!

SLUG, I WAS MEANT TO BE IN THERE, SO
REMEMBER WHO WAS BARBARIC FIRST.
WALK!

YOUNG REMOVED HIS HELMET —

OKE! OKE!
I'LL TELL YOU!

SHUT UP — HE
WON'T KILL US!



DISTRACTED BY THE DISAGREEMENT,
YOUNG FAILED TO NOTICE THE
KILLER'S CONCEALED LASER.

DIE!

OOOH . . . SATURN!

AS HE SLIPPED INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS, YOUNG'S MIND
CONCENTRATED LONG ENOUGH TO ALLOW HIM TO FIRE TWICE.





YOUNG, HIT IN THE STOMACH AND BLEEDING BADLY, LAPSED INTO THE BLACKNESS OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS.



BUT THE BITTER COLD OF TITAN'S NIGHTS HAD SLOWED AND STOPPED YOUNG'S BLEEDING. THE PENETRATING COLD HAD SET OFF THE BODY'S OWN HEATING SYSTEM — SHIVERING — WHICH HAD ROUSED HIM FROM THE EDGE OF OBLIVION.



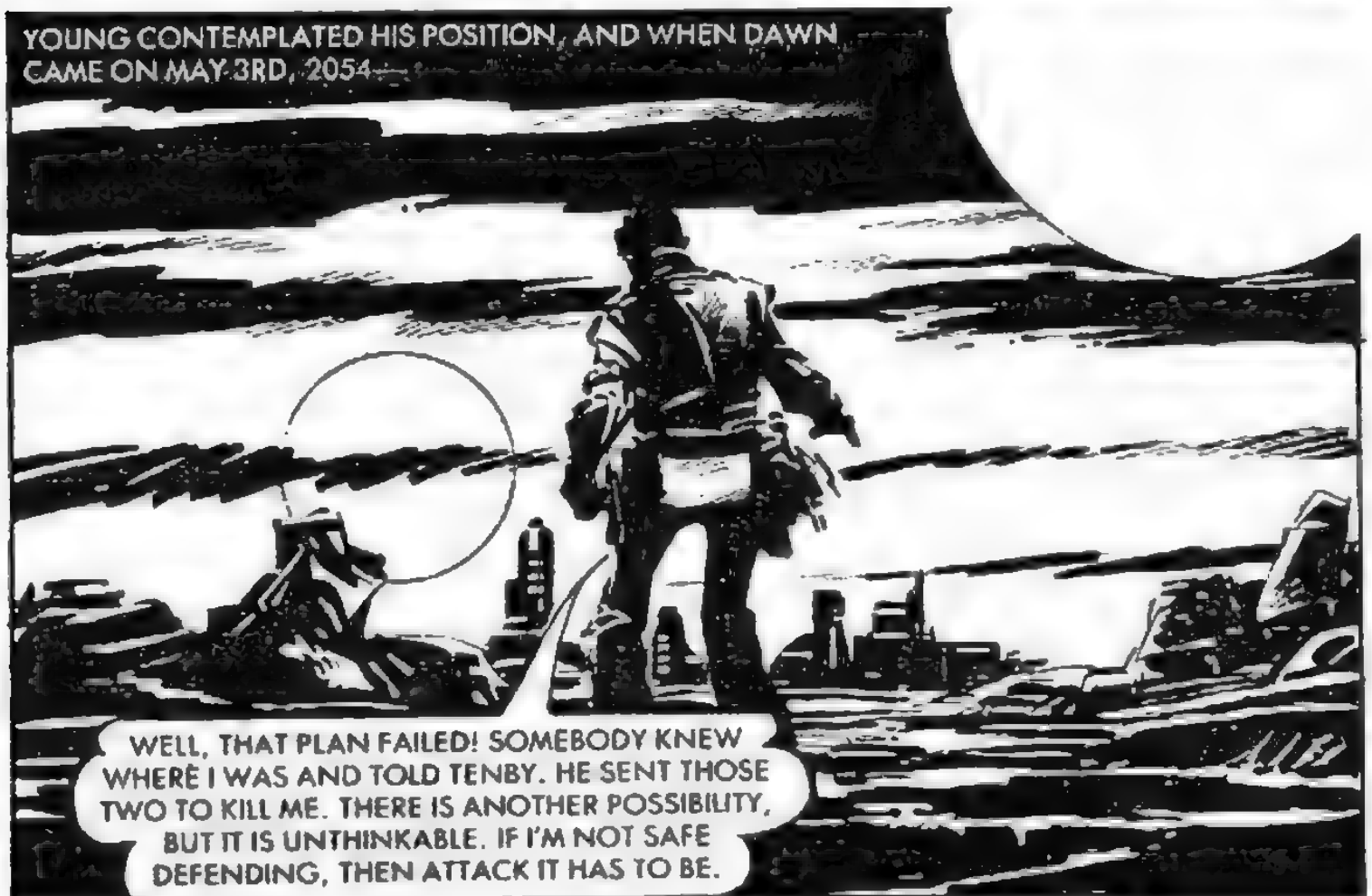
WHERE . . . WH . . .
PAIN . . . MEDPAK!

SLOWLY, AGONISINGLY HE CRAWLED TO HIS ONLY HOPE OF SURVIVAL, HIS LAWLORD'S MEDPAK—



THAT APPEARS TO HAVE STOPPED THE BLEEDING. A COUPLE OF VITS SHOULD GET ME BACK ON MY FEET BY SUNRISE.

YOUNG CONTEMPLATED HIS POSITION, AND WHEN DAWN CAME ON MAY 3RD, 2054—



WELL, THAT PLAN FAILED! SOMEBODY KNEW WHERE I WAS AND TOLD TENBY. HE SENT THOSE TWO TO KILL ME. THERE IS ANOTHER POSSIBILITY, BUT IT IS UNTHINKABLE. IF I'M NOT SAFE DEFENDING, THEN ATTACK IT HAS TO BE.

YOUNG KNEW THAT HE HAD NO CHANCE OF FINDING TENBY BEFORE TENBY KILLED HIM. HIS ONLY HOPE WAS TO FORCE THE MASS KILLER INTO THE OPEN — AND THE BEST PLACE TO START WAS AT HIS HOTEL.

HERE GOES!



THERE'S A BAD SMELL
ABOUT HERE . . .

I AGREE . . . AND IT IS THE SMELL
OF IGNORANCE — YOUR IGNORANCE.





A CONCEALED BLASTER
CLATTERED TO
THE GROUND.

GO FOR IT!
GO ON, PUNK—
MAKE MY DAY!



THE PUNK MADE YOUNG'S DAY—

OH! HOW CLUMSY OF ME!



ONCE IN HIS ROOM, YOUNG BEGAN TO TIGHTEN THE NOOSE ON TENBY



O'MURPHY . . . GET YOUR LAZY BODY OVER HERE. ROOM 114.

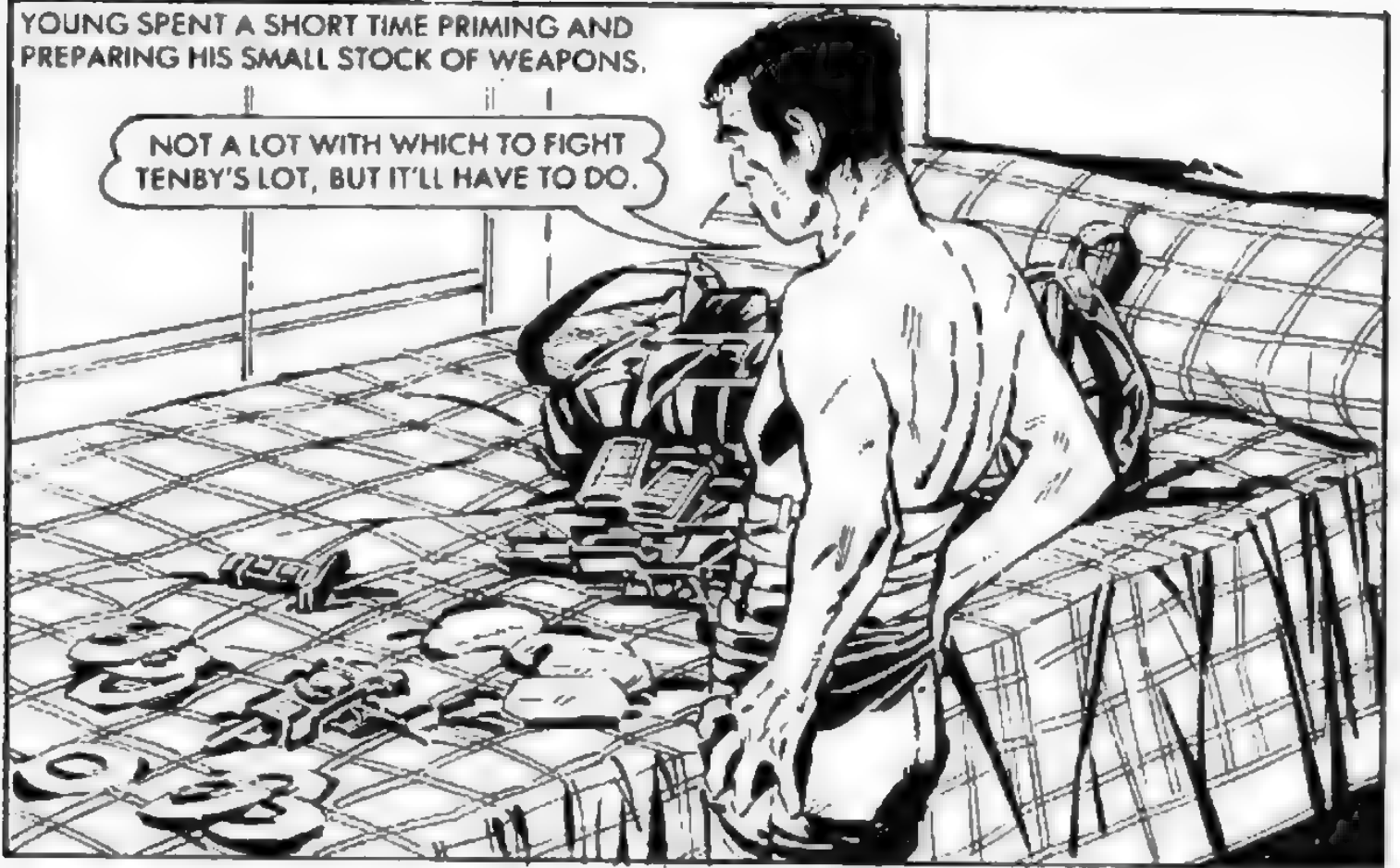


STILL BLEEDING A BIT! THE CHANCES ARE TENBY AND HIS THUGS WILL KILL ME BEFORE THIS DOES.

YOUNG KNEW THAT ON A COMPARITIVELY POOR WORLD LIKE TITAN, TOP CLASS ASSASSINS WOULDN'T BE AVAILABLE. TENBY HAD SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH BRUTAL, BUT EASILY-OUTWITTED HENCHMEN. IF TENBY WANTED YOUNG OUT OF THE WAY, HE HAD TO DO IT HIMSELF.

YOUNG SPENT A SHORT TIME PRIMING AND
PREPARING HIS SMALL STOCK OF WEAPONS.

NOT A LOT WITH WHICH TO FIGHT
TENBY'S LOT, BUT IT'LL HAVE TO DO.



THIS REFLECTOMETAL CURTAIN
MIGHT JUST KEEP ME IN ONE PIECE.



HE WRAPPED THE METALLIC MATERIAL ROUND HIS BODY IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ARMOUR HIMSELF FOR THE FORTHCOMING SHOWDOWN.

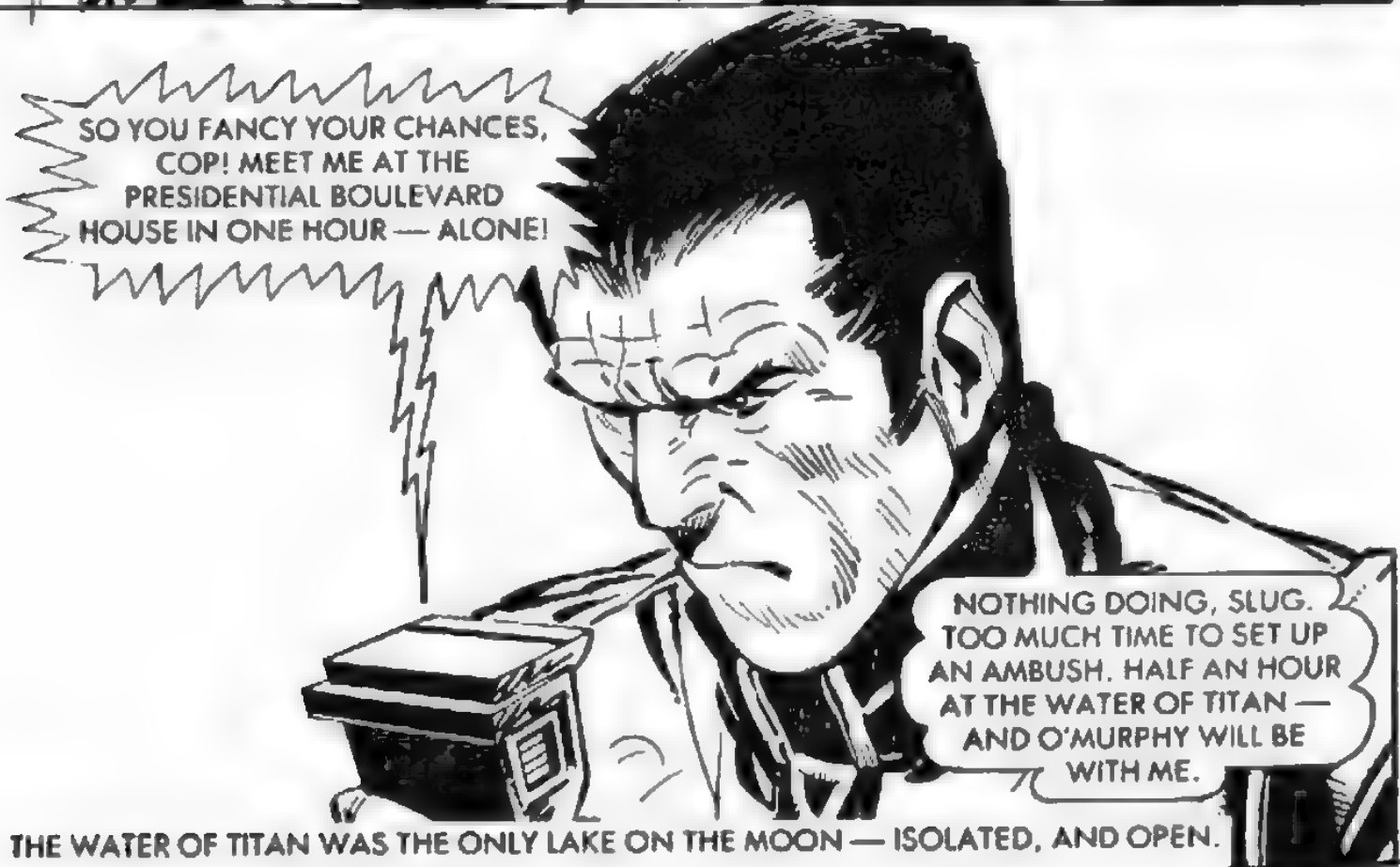
YOUNG . . . IT'S ME! LET ME IN!

COMING, O'MURPHY!



VERY SOON I EXPECT A CALL FROM TENBY — HE'LL WANT TO PULL ME INTO THE OPEN SO THAT HE PERSONALLY CAN KILL ME. YOU ARE GOING TO COVER ME.







RELUCTANTLY O'MURPHY DROVE TOWARDS THE REMOTE LAKE—

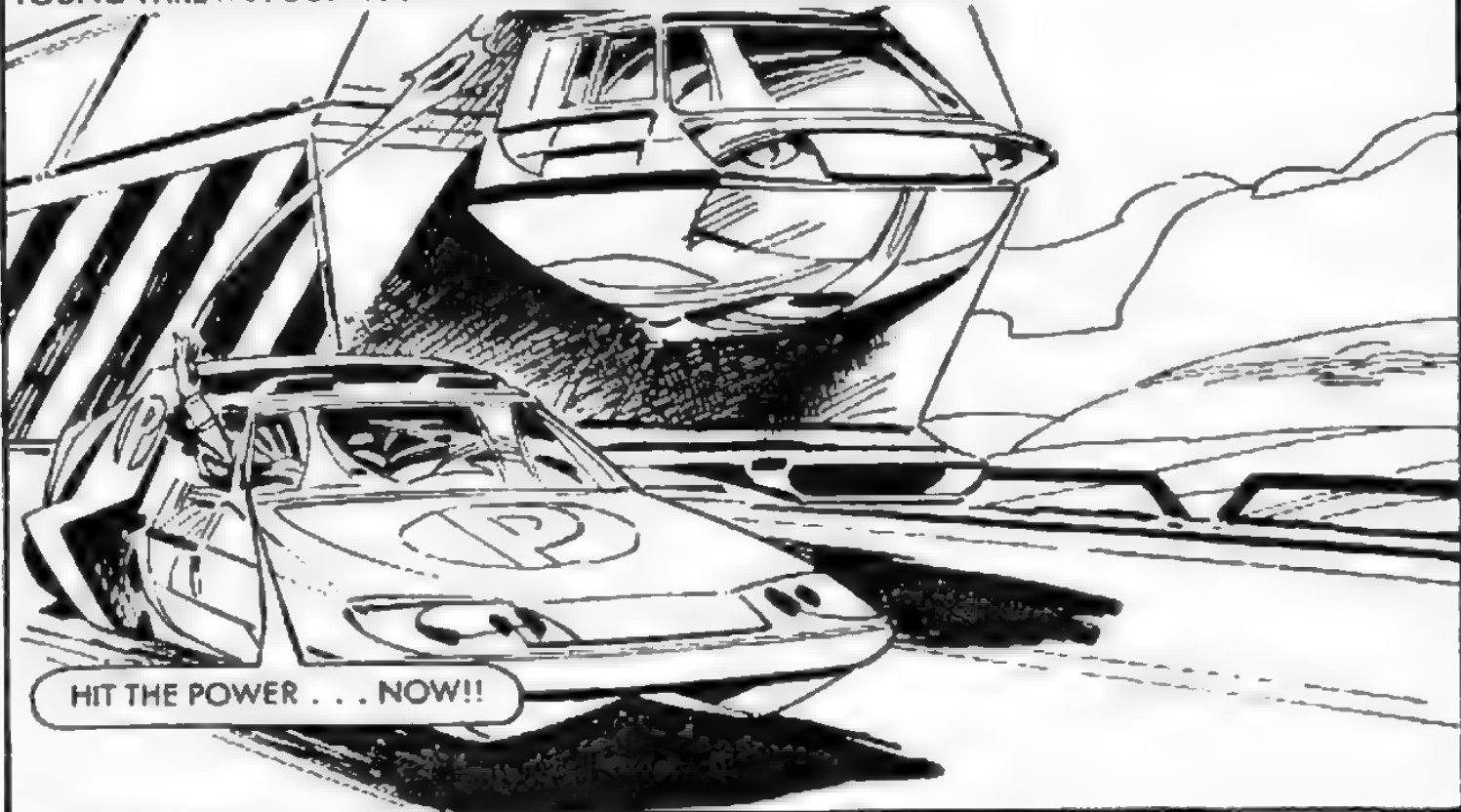
I HOPE YOU
GET KILLED!

O'MURPHY — SHUT
IT AND DRIVE!

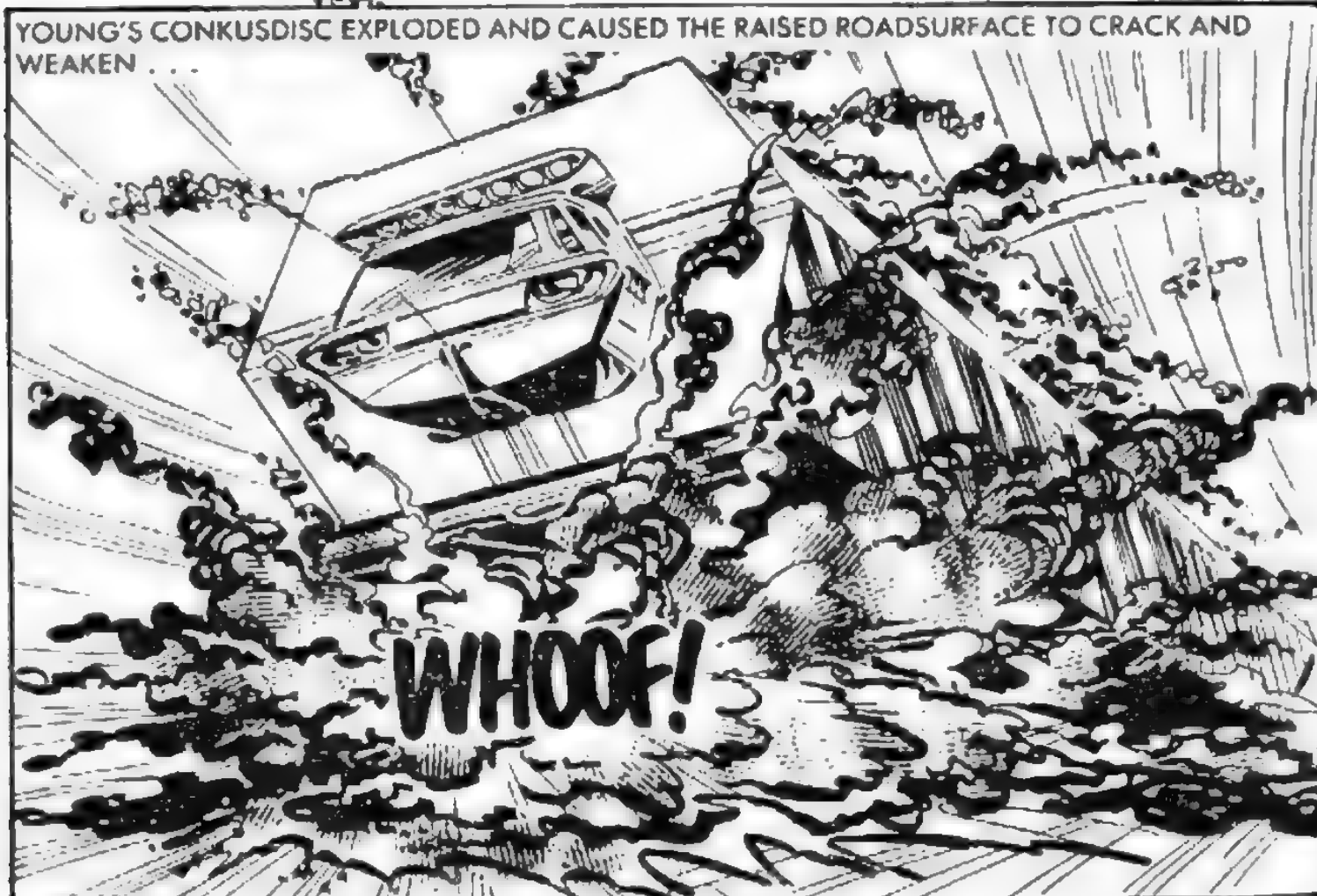
THAT HOVTRANSPORT SHOULDN'T
BE HERE . . . O'MURPHY, SHIFT
THIS THING.



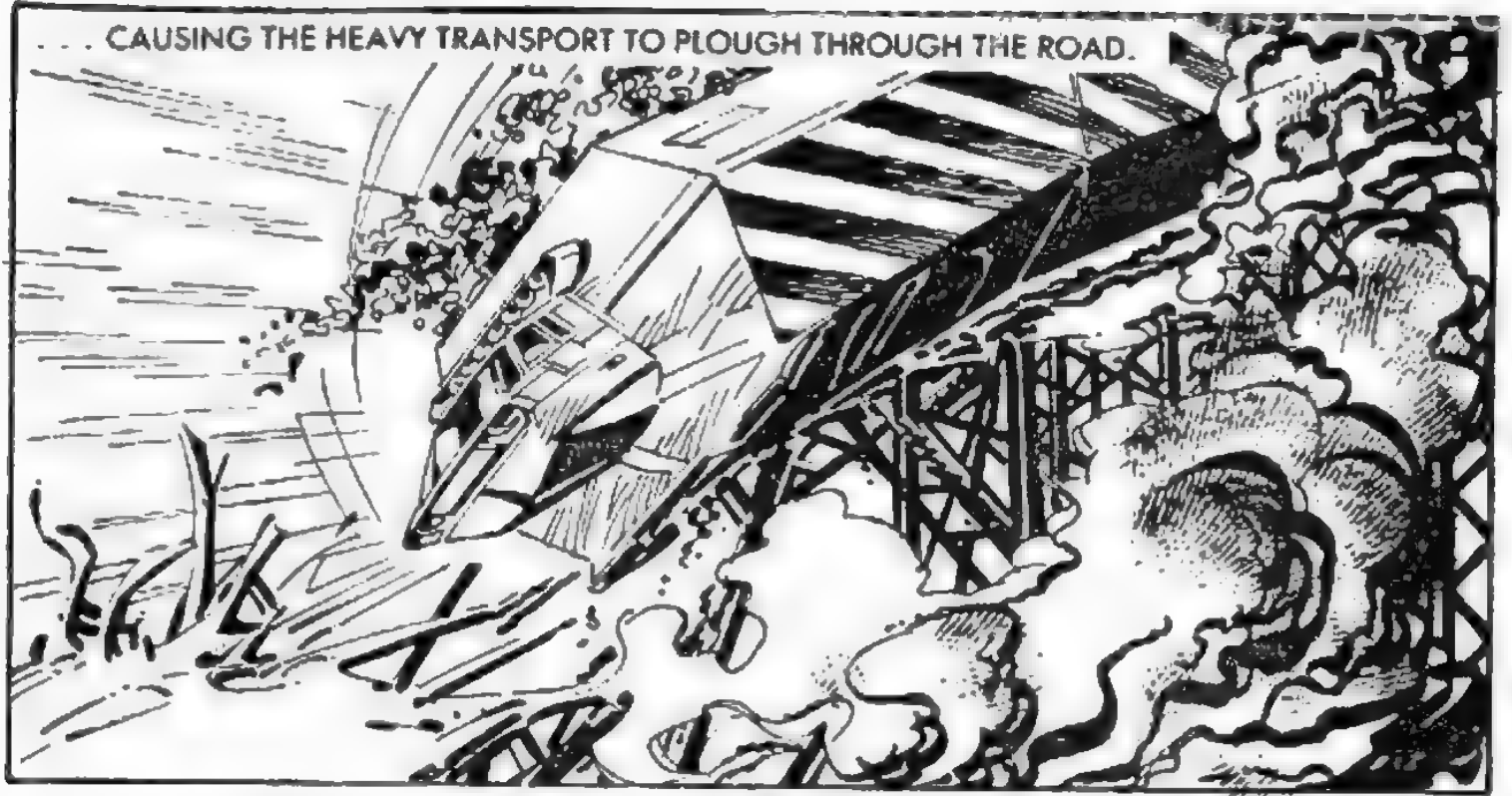
YOUNG THREW A KONKUSDISC AS THE TRANSPORT CLOSED IN—



YOUNG'S KONKUSDISC EXPLODED AND CAUSED THE RAISED ROADSURFACE TO CRACK AND WEAKEN . . .



... CAUSING THE HEAVY TRANSPORT TO PLOUGH THROUGH THE ROAD.



BY THE TIME O'MURPHY STOPPED HIS VEHICLE, THE TRANSPORT WAS A BURNT OUT HULK.



THE WATER OF TITAN WAS THE ONLY WATER TO LIE ON TITAN, BUT BEING EXPOSED TO SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES IT REMAINED FROZEN FOR MOST OF THE DAY—



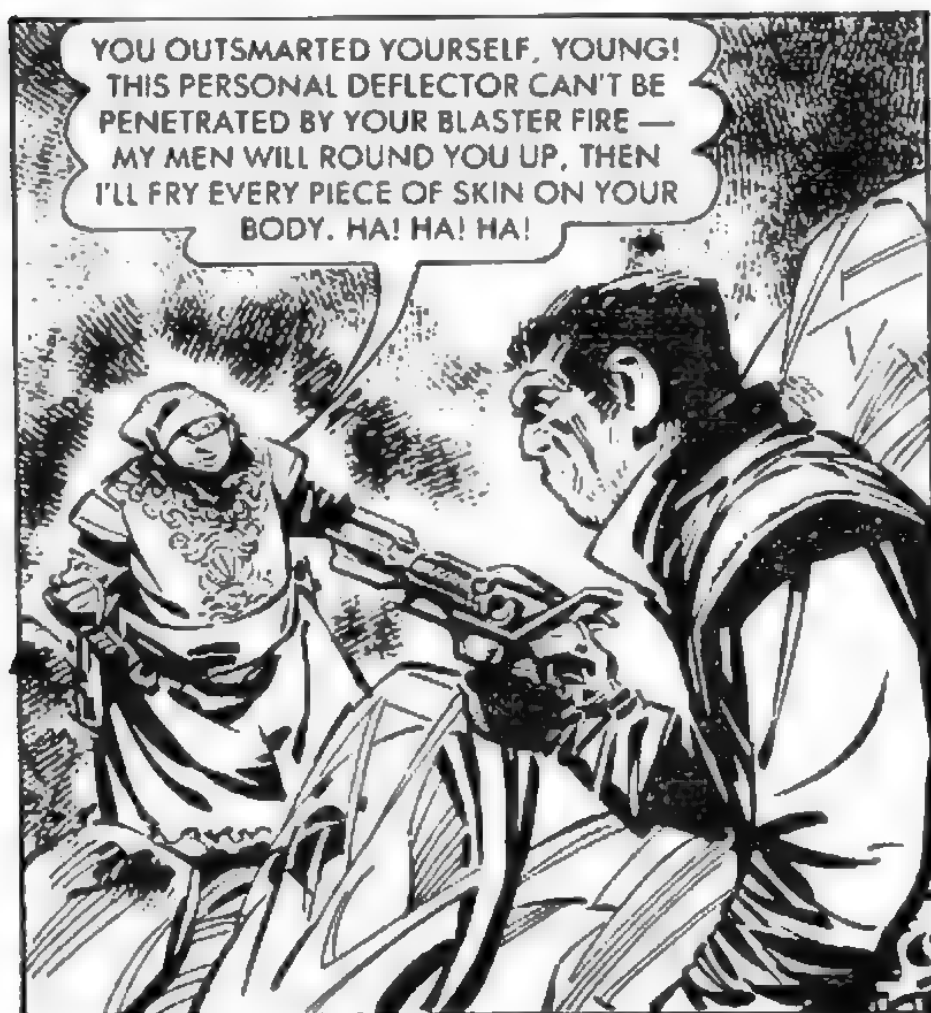
TENBY'S LIMOUSINE DREW UP.

GO AND TELL HIM TO MEET ME AT THE
LARGE OUTCROP!



THE OPPONENTS HEADED FOR A FINAL SHOWDOWN—







THE ICE MELTED, AND TENBY, TRAPPED INSIDE HIS FORCEFIELD, BEGAN TO SINK.


HELP ME . . . I'LL MAKE YOU RICH! HELP!

BYE-BYE, TENBY! IT'S BEEN TERRIBLE MEETING YOU!

THE BODY SLID BENEATH THE SURFACE, HIS LAST WORDS OFFERING YOUNG A KING'S RANSOM TO SAVE HIM. HIS CALLS FELL ON DEAF EARS.








I AM TENBY! THAT PERSON YOU
KILLED WAS ONE OF MY MEN
BRAINWASHED TO BELIEVE HE WAS.
THE SAFEST PLACE TO AVOID THE
LAW WAS TO JOIN IT. IT AMUSED ME
TO WATCH YOU LOOKING FOR
SOMEBODY THAT DIDN'T EXIST. THE
ALIAS WAS JUST A BLIND. THE
COMPUTER WAS PROGRAMMED TO
WARN ME IF ANYBODY USED MY
RECOG CARD — AUTOMATICALLY MY
MEN SET AN AMBUSH.

SO THAT COMMLINK CALL WAS A
RECORDING — I'M GOING TO KILL
YOU!



WRONG! I'M GOING
TO KILL YOU!





THE FOUR THUGS WERE STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A DISC . . .





YOUNG TOOK TENBY'S HOVLIMO INTO THE CITY, AND THEN SOUGHT OUT HIS TARGET—



WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO! JUST
LOOK AT HIM — RUFFIAN! CALL THE
POLICE.

LADY — I AM
THE POLICE.

WITH THE LAST OF HIS ENERGY, YOUNG PREPARED TO ELIMINATE TENBY—



TENBY! IT'S YOUNG HERE — COME OUT
WITH YOUR HANDS UP! COME OUT YOU
STINKIN' CHILD KILLER!



TENBY GRABBED A MOTHER AND CHILD—



I'LL COUNT TO THREE . . . IF YOU
HAVEN'T RELEASED THEM BY THEN,
I'LL KILL YOU!





THE LASKNIFE HIT TENBY—



JOHN YOUNG, LAWLORD, HEADED FOR ANOTHER FLIGHT, ANOTHER MISSION, ANOTHER NIGHTMARE, KNOWING THAT DESPITE HIS FRAYED NERVES HE HAD TO STAY IN THE SERVICE TO DEAL WITH SCUM LIKE TENBY.



eldubya/iodinepriest

DON'T FORGET THIS MONTH'S *OTHER*

STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 164

24p

When Earth was invaded by the brutal Zehn, the domed city of Alba was forced to take to space to survive... and now it had to fight for its very existence.



The
FIGHTING
STARDOME

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Cuban Air Force Colonel Arnaldo Tamayo Mendez, 38, flew Soyuz 38 courtesy of the Soviet Union on September 18, 1980 in a mission lasting 7 days 20hr 43 mins.

CUBA